

CD 2013--1



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

2012-13
season

Tuesday, January 8, 2013
12:10 pm. Walter Hall

Andrew Haji, tenor

Winner, The Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song

Narmina Afandiyeva, piano

Winner, The Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky Prize in Accompanying

PROGRAM

- 1 Benedictus (Mass in B minor)
- 2 Deposuit potentes (Magnificat)

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Winter Words

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

- 3 At Day-close in November
- 4 Midnight on the Great Western (or The Journeying Boy)
- 5 Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)
- 6 The Little Old Table
- 7 The Choirmaster's Burial (or The Tenor Man's Story)
- 8 Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)
- 9 At the Railway Station, Upway (or The Convict and Boy with the Violin)
- 10 Before Life and after

— INTERMISSION —

- 11 Nacht und Träume, D.827
- 12 Heimliches Lieben, D.922
- 13 Der Musensohn, D.764

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

- 14 Sérénade Florentine
- 15 Le manoir de Rosemonde
- 16 Phidylé

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

- 17 Serenata
- 18 Non t'amo più!
- 19 L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)
Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

THE JIM AND CHARLOTTE NORCOP PRIZE IN SONG

The annual prize was established in 2009 and is awarded to the singer at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners have been Leslie Ann Bradley, Geoffrey Sirett and Aviva Fortunata Wilks.

THE GWENDOLYN WILLIAMS KOLDOFSKY PRIZE IN ACCOMPANYING

The annual prize was established in 2011 and is awarded to the collaborative pianist at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Last year's winner was Susan Black.

Gwendolyn Williams was born November 1, 1906 in Bowmanville, Ontario. She studied piano in Toronto with Viggo Kihl. At 17, she went to London where she studied piano with Tobias Matthay and ensemble playing and accompanying with Harold Craxton. Later, she spent several months in Paris studying French repertoire with Marguerite Hasselmans.

When she was 20, she returned to Canada and was plunged almost immediately into an accompanying career when the great Canadian soprano, Jeanne Dusseau asked her to play for her. One musical engagement led to another at an exhilarating pace. A year after her return to Canada, she met and married the violinist Adolph Koldofsky. For the next quarter century, she accompanied all of her husband's solo recitals and played every form of chamber music with him on concert stages around the world.

In 1945, the couple moved to Los Angeles, where Mrs. Koldofsky was engaged to teach accompanying at the School of Music of the University of Southern California. She taught accompanying, song literature

and chamber music at USC from 1947 to 1988. She was also a longtime member of the faculty of the Santa Barbara Music Academy of the West, where she served as director of vocal accompanying from 1951 to 1989. She judged competitions, lectured and taught master classes for accompanists, singers and ensembles throughout the United States and Canada. Among her many students were mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, pianist Martin Katz and soprano Carol Neblett.

For more than 40 years, Koldofsky appeared as an accompanist throughout the world, working with such distinguished artists as Rose Bampton, Suzanne Danco, Herta Glaz, Mack Harrell, Marilyn Horne, Jan Peerce, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Martial Singher and Eleanor Steber. She assisted Lotte Lehmann on many tours during the latter's last 8 years of performing and for 11 years was Lehmann's accompanist and coach-assistant at the Music Academy of the West.

Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky died November 12, 1998 in Santa Barbara at the age of 92.

AN APPRECIATION FROM MARILYN HORNE

"Gwen Koldofsky was one of the great teachers in my life who eventually became my accompanist for 10 years, and of course my dear, dear friend. She was an extraordinary woman with such grace and at the same time, such power. She was the pioneer in the world of teaching accompanying. It was at the University of Southern California where the first degrees in that field were offered, including the first doctorate. A huge accomplishment, especially for a woman. Women were definitely second-class citizens in accompanying in those days. Thank God that is not the case anymore. She is the one who really knocked down those doors. I will forever be grateful to her personally for all she gave to me in knowledge of the song repertoire and for the good fortune to have her with me for so long. We all sort of felt that with Gwen, we had found religion. She was the troubadour of the piano! Her legacy at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara is commemorated by the Marilyn Horne Song Competition in her honor every summer for the voice students of the Academy. She is still missed and I think of her always."

AN APPRECIATION FROM MARTIN KATZ

"It would not be possible for me to articulate adequately all I received from Mme. K, as we all called her. Style, tone coloring, comfortable pianism and above all, listening with ears wide open are just a few of the musical things. Then there is the regard for one's partner, the respect for the profession and the art of tireless giving. These were taught by Mme. K's example to all of us, her lucky charges. And that doesn't even begin to speak of the professional doors she opened for me and for so many of my colleagues. The lucky life I have led for so long now would simply never have happened without her to ignite it all."

BIOGRAPHIES

ANDREW HAJI, tenor, is a recent graduate of the Voice Performance program at the University of Toronto Faculty of Music. He is currently pursuing a master's degree at the University of Toronto Opera Division, studying with Darryl Edwards.

Andrew recently appeared as Nemorino in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore* at the University of Toronto Faculty of Music. Earlier in 2012 he appeared as Rob Ford in *Rob Ford, the Opera* and as Ferrando in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and in 2011 he performed the roles of Lacouf/Reporter from Paris in Poulenc's *Les mamelles de Tirésias*.

In November 2012, Andrew was selected as the second prize winner of the Canadian Opera Company's second annual Ensemble Studio Competition.

During his undergraduate career, Andrew performed in three operas with the University of Toronto Opera Division. In 2009, Andrew appeared as Cecco in Haydn's *Il mondo della luna*. In 2010, he appeared as Vanderdendur/Ragotski in Bernstein's *Candide*. In 2011, he performed the role of Don Ottavio in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

In the summer of 2012, Andrew attended the Accademia Europea dell'Opera, performing the role of Tamino in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. In the summer of 2011, Andrew performed the role of Don Ottavio in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Centre for Opera Studies in Italy in Sulmona, Italy. Andrew had previously

attended COSI in 2010, performing the role of Nemorino in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*.

Andrew's oratorio engagements include annual performances of Handel's *Messiah*, as well as performances of Haydn's *The Creation*, Rossini's *Petite messe solennelle*, and Mozart's *Great Mass in C minor* and *Coronation Mass*.

NARMINA AFANDIYEVA was born in Baku, Azerbaijan to a family of three generations of musicians. With a rich musical heritage, Narmina began her studies at an early age and gave her maiden solo concert at the age of 6.

During her studies at the Bülbül Specialized Musical School under the guidance of Adelya Vekilova, Narmina frequently gave solo concerts and performed with the school orchestra.

In 1994, Narmina entered the U. Hadjibeyov Azerbaijan State Conservatory, and graduated with a Master's degree in 2000. While still a student there, she won many piano contests in her native country.

In June 2011, Narmina made her Toronto concert debut at the Trinity-St. Paul's United Church.

Narmina is currently in her first year of the Collaborative Piano Program at the Faculty of Music, where she studies with Steven Philcox.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

J.S. BACH

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

Deposuit potentes

Deposuit potentes de sede
et exaltavit humiles.

*He hath put down the mighty from their seat
and hath exalted the humble.*

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

At Day-close in November

The ten hours' light is abating, and a late bird wings
across,
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting, give their black
heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time, float past like
specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time, and now they obscure
the sky.

And the children who ramble through here conceive
that there never has been
A time when no tall trees grew here, that none will in
time be seen.

Midnight on the Great Western

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp's oily flame played down on his
listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going, or
whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy had a ticket
stuck;
And a string around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams, like a
living thing.

Wagtail and Baby

A baby watched a ford, whereto a wagtail came for
drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through, the wagtail
showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across, the birdie nearly
sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss, and held his own
unblinking.

The Little Old Table

Creak, little wood thing, creak, when I touch you with
elbow or knee;
That is the way you speak of one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought - brought me with her
own hand,

The Choirmaster's Burial

He often would ask us that, when he died,
After playing so many to their last rest,
If out of us any should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes play over him by his grave-
brim
The psalm he liked best -
The one whose sense suits "Mount Ephraim" -
And perhaps we should seem to him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew that his spirit was gone
I thought this his due, and spoke thereupon.
"I think," said the vicar, "A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors in these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way requires a fine day,
And it seems to me it had better not be."

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite on all at stake, can
undertake this plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above, whence with spacious
vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in, but are not of?

Next saw the baby round the spot a mongrel slowly
slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not in dip and sip and
prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared;
The wagtail, in a winking, with terror rose and
disappeared;
The baby fell a-thinking.

As she looked at me with a thought that I did not
understand.

- Whoever owns it anon, and hears it,
Will never know what a history hangs upon this creak
from long ago.

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he that his wish could not be,
To get through it faster they buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when at the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying the headstoned grass,
A band all in white like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing the ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told when he had grown old.

Proud Songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears, as if all Time were
theirs.

At the Railway Station, Upway

"There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!"
Spoke up the pitying child -
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in, -
"But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!"

Before Life and After

A time there was - as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell -
Before the birth of consciousness,
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;
None cared whatever crash or cross
Brought wrack to things.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Nacht und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Heimliches Lieben

O du, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren,
Dann will die Lust die Seele mir entführen.
Ich fühle tief ein namenloses Beben
Den Busen heben.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales, nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain, and earth, and air, and rain.

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang
With grimful glee:
"This life so free
Is the thing for me!"
And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in -
The convict, and boy with the violin.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?

Night and Dreams

*Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, drift down
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the quiet hearts of men;
They listen with delight
Calling out when day awakens:
Return, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!*

Secret Love

*When your lips touch me,
Desire would bear my soul away;
I feel a nameless trembling
Which swells my breast.*

Mein Auge flammt, Glut schwebt auf meinen Wangen;
Es schlägt mein Herz ein unbekannt Verlangen;
Mein Geist, verirrt in trunkner Lippen Stammeln
Kann kaum sich sammeln.

Mein Leben hängt in einer solchen Stunde
An deinem süßen, rosenweichen Munde,
Und will, bei deinem trauten Armumfassen,
Mich fast verlassen.

O! daß es doch nicht außer sich kann fliehen

Die Seele ganz in deiner Seele glühen!
Daß doch die Lippen, die voll Sehnsucht brennen,
Sich müssen trennen!

Daß doch im Kuß' mein Wesen nicht zerfließet
Wenn es so fest an deinen Mund sich schließt,
Und an dein Herz, das niemals laut darf wagen
Für mich zu schlagen!

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

*My eyes flame, a glow colors my cheeks;
My heart beats with an unknown longing;
My mind, lost in the stammering of my drunken lips
Can hardly compose itself.*

*In such a moment my life hangs
On your sweet lips, soft as roses,
And, in your dear embrace,
Life nearly deserts me.*

Oh would that my life could escape from itself,

*My soul aflame in yours!
Oh that lips burning with longing
Must part!*

*Oh that my being might not dissolve in kisses
When my lips are pressed so tightly to yours,
And to your heart, which might never dare
To beat aloud for me!*

The Son of the Muses

*Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.*

*I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.*

*I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hilltowns.*

*For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.*

*You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favorite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?*

HENRI DUPARC

Sérénade Florentine

Étoile dont la beauté luit
Comme un diamant dans la nuit,
Regarde vers ma bien-aimée
Dont la paupière s'est fermée.
Et fais descendre sur ses yeux
La bénédiction des cieux.
Elle s'endort... Par la fenêtre
En sa chambre heureuse pénètre;
Sur sa blancheur, comme un baiser,
Viens jusqu'à l'aube te poser
Et que sa pensée, alors, rêve
D'un astre d'amour qui se lève!

Le Manoir de Rosemonde

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...

Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.

Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser me
récompensent de l'attente!

Florentine Serenade

*Star whose beauty shines
like a diamond in the night
Look toward my beloved
whose eyelids are closed.
And send down upon her eyes
the benediction of the skies.
She sleeps---by the window.
Penetrate her peaceful chamber;
Upon her whiteness, like a kiss,
Come, just as the sun is rising,
so that she thinks, even dreams,
that a star of love awakens her!*

Rosemonde's Manor-House

*Love, like a dog, has bitten me
with its sudden, voracious teeth...
Come, the trail of spilt blood
will enable you to follow my tracks.*

*Take a horse of good pedigree
and set off on the arduous route I took,
through swamps and overgrown paths,
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!*

*As you pass where I passed,
you will see that I travelled
alone and wounded through this sad world,*

*and thus went off to my death
far, far away, without ever finding
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.*

Phidylé

*The grass is soft for slumber beneath the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which, in the meadows flowering with a thousand plants,
lose themselves under dark thickets.*

*Rest, o Phidylé! the midday sun shines on the foliage and
invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme, alone, in full sunlight hum the
fickle honeybees.*

*A warm fragrance circulates about the turning paths, the red
cornflower tilts,
and the birds, skimming the hill with their wings,
search for shade among the wild roses.*

*But when the sun, turning in its resplendent orbit,
Finds its heat abating,
let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss recompense
me for waiting!*

PIETRO MASCAGNI

Serenata

Come col capo sotto l'ala bianca
dormon le palombelle innamorate,
Così tu adagi la persona stanca
sotto le coltri molli e ricamate.
La testa bionda sul guancial riposa
lieta de' sogni suoi color di rosa
e tra le larve care al tuo sorriso
una ne passa che ti sfiora il viso,
Passa e ti dice che bruciar le vene,
che sanguinare il cor per te mi sento.
Passa e ti dice che ti voglio bene,
che sei la mia dolcezza e il mio tormento,
Bianca tra un nimbo di capelli biondi
lieta sorridi ai sogni tuoi giocondi.
Ah, non destarti, o fior del Paradiso,
ch'io vengo in sogno per baciarti in viso!

FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI

Non t'amo più!

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor...?
Folle d'amore io ti seguìi ...ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.
Sognai felice, di carezze a baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci...
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso...
Sogno un altro ideal;
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che pasamo inieime
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme
Tu della mente l'unico pensier
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire
Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fè.

Serenade

*Amorous doves sleep,
heads buried in their white wings.
You are like that, easing your tiredness
under the embroidered quilt.
Your blond head rests on the pillow;
Enjoying rose-coloured dreams.
As you smile, a passing fairy
brushes your face.
It passes, and tells you my blood is burning in my veins, and
my heart bleeds for you.
As it passes, it tells you that I love you,
That you are my sweetness and my torment,
White, in a cloud of blond hair,
Ah, don't wake up, my flower of paradise,
because I am coming to kiss you in your dreams.*

I don't love you anymore

*Do you still remember the day we met,
And the promises you made?
Love-insane I followed you. We loved each other, and next to
you I dreamt, love-insane.
I dreamt of a lustful chain of caresses
And kisses fading into the sky;
But your words weren't truthful ...
Because your heart is as cold as ice.*

Do you still remember that?

*Now you aren't my only faith any more,
My immense desire nor my dream of love:
I don't long for your kisses, and don't think about you any-
more: I dream other dreams.
I don't love you anymore.*

*Through the days dearly passed together,
I strewed flowers across your path: ...
You were the only hope of my heart;
You the only thought of my desire.
You forced me to beg, you turned me pale,
You saw me crying in your presence:
Only in order to fulfil a desire of yours...
I would have offered my body and soul!*

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

The dawn divides the darkness from the light

*The dawn divides darkness from the light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, the hour of death is at hand:
A love more holy sweeps you from the skies.*

*Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
Sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.*

*Envelop me, O Night in your breast,
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun*